

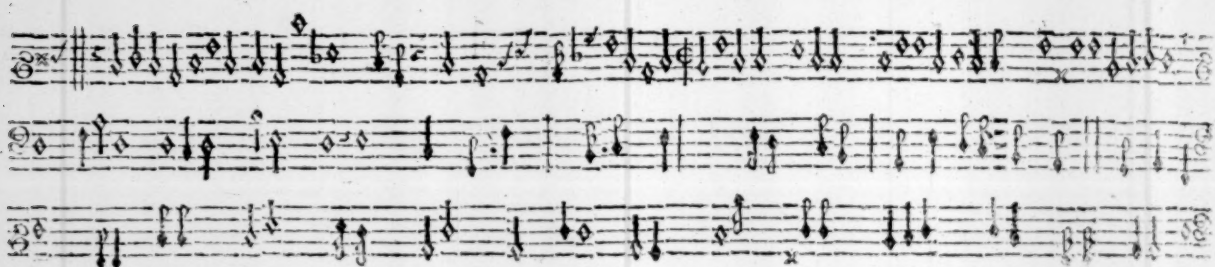
## Scotch HAY-MAKERS:

O R,

## Crafty JOCKEY's Courtship

T O

## Coy Jenny of Edenborough.

*To an excellent new Tune, much in Request.*

I.

'Twas within a Furlong of Edenborough Town,  
In the rolie time o' th' Year, when the Grass was down,  
Bonny Jockey, blith and gay, laid to Jenny making Hay,  
Let's sit a little, Dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry Day:  
He long had courted the black brow'd Maid,  
But Jockey was a Wag, and wou'd ne'er consent to wed;  
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it will not do,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

II.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer joak,  
And that no one wedded now but the Scoundrel Folk,  
Yet, my Dear, you shou'd prevail, but I know not what I fail,  
I shall dream of clogs, and filly dogs, with bottles at their tails,  
But I'll give the Gloves, and a Bonnet to wear,  
And a pretty filly Foal to ride out and take the air,  
If thou ne'er will pish and phoo, and cry out it shall not do,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

III.

That you'll give me Thinklits, cry'd she, I believe,  
But ah! what in return must your poor Jenny give,  
When my Maiden-treasure's gone, I mun gang to London Town,  
And roar and rant, and patch and paint, and kils for half a crown;  
Each drunken Bully o'dige for pay,  
And earn a hated Living an odious fulsome way:  
No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,  
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

IV.

Ne'er was I so courted in all my life before,  
You will stop young Jenny's Breath, if you kiss me any more;  
Fie upon you Lad forbear, you'll a filly Maid enmare  
By your fooling so, then let me go, or your locks lie tear,  
You are uncivil, I must be coy  
Till wedded, there's no Loon shall my Maiden head enjoy  
Then did she pish and phoo, and cry'd, it ne'er will do,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

V.

Sike a Lad as Jockey, young Lassies would embrace,  
Who can sing them pleasant Sonnets, and dances with a grace  
On the pleasant rural Plain; do not then my Suit disdain,  
From thy charming eyes, Love, arrows flies, which renew my  
Love's fresh encounter he then renew'd; [pam]  
She cry'd out, Fie, O fie, geud faith, you's muckle rude,  
Then did she pish and phoo, and cry'd, it ne'er will do,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

VI.

If you mean to marry, lie freely be your Bride,  
Then at pleasure you may have what is otherwise deny'd,  
Ne'er a Loon in all the Land, shall have me at his command,  
Nor my Maiden-head, until I wed, take away your head,  
Or else I will cry, and rend the Skie,  
For I will marry'd be, or else a Maid I'll die;  
Then did she pish and phoo, and cry'd, it ne'er will do,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.